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THE LEAP YEAR GIRL.

The bachelor is quaking in his shiny shoes to-day,
He goes alone, in fear and haste, and trembles on his way;
He peers about suspiciously, and listens all the while,
And dreams throughout the darksome night of running many a mile;
He starts at sight of swishing skirts and turns away in dread
From all the quips and all the quirks that turn a fellow's head,
Because he's heard it hinted and gossiped all about,
The Leap Year Girl will get him
If he
Don't
Watch
Out.

In every luring, roguish glance he sees a peril near;
A panic strikes his heart whene'er a girl cries: "Dear, oh, dear;"
Light, filmy, airy bits of lace, or veils of blue or black,
Seem simple snares and nets to him set slyly in his track;
He, with a stern and rigid face he rushes down the street,
Distrusting all the other sex, of aspect sour or sweet;
Because he's heard it whispered most every place about,
The Leap Year Girl will get him
If he
Don't
Watch
Out.

When Nineteen Four is past and gone his vigilance will cease;
No more he'll dodge, elude, evade, but go his way in peace;
Perchance, when all is said and done the happier he'd be
If he would let himself be caught by some sweet charming "she;"
If he were wise he'd turn about and welcome with a smile,
Her every ardent, fervid look and effort to beguile,
Because it's also whispered by every one about,
The Leap Year Girl might shake him
If he
Don't
Watch
Out.

—Roy O. Randall, in Chicago Record-Herald.

TWO AND A THUNDERSTORM

By ALAN CRARY

MISS EUNICE hailed the coming of the launch with joy. As soon as the concourse of smitten youths should complete their last last farewells to Gladys she would sternly marshal that popular damsel to the end of the wharf and get safely into the boat and so to the point and the Chicago train.

In prospect of the approaching moment of relief from the thankless office of chaperon Miss Eunice sighed with anticipative content and sat down on a pile of suit cases to wait.

The launch tooted impatiently. There was a stir in the group of leave-takers as a tall man, with iron gray hair and handsome, sunburned face suddenly climbed over the side of the wharf into their midst. He exchanged a few words with Gladys and then turned to find Miss Eunice, who, for some reason, was looking uneasily away, with a deep color flooding her thin little face.

"Miss Brown," he said, in what she considered a tone of respectful but bored politeness, "may I have the pleasure of rowing you and Miss Gladys over to the train? We have plenty of time and the luggage can go on the tug."

Miss Eunice bit her lip angrily; rebellious tears were very near her eyes.

"I wish I could let her go alone with you," she said, "but on account of a promise to her mother I must persecute the poor child to the bitter end. Will it not be too much trouble to row me back again?"

"It will be an added pleasure, I assure you," he answered, perfunctorily.

All the way over in the boat he and Gladys kept up a steady flow of frivolous conversation. Yes, she would mail him the kodak picture of herself that would just fit his watch and he would not forget that he was going to send her the funny little pipe he had smoked all summer—just in memory of their good times, you know! And they both laughed gaily and Miss Eunice looked out over the water and tried not to listen. Down at the bottom of her little starved heart something or other was making a very uncomfortable disturbance.

They stood on the platform and waved to the bright figure on the train until a sudden curve in the track hid it from view, then they walked silently back to the boat.

Miss Eunice ignored the strong, brown hand extended to help her, and made her way alone to her seat in the stern. She turned upon her companion a calm and expressionless face and kept her eyes upon the sparkling water beyond him. For what seemed to the man an endless period of time the dip of the oars was the only sound to be heard.

"I think I'll try to go back between the islands. It's shorter," he said.

Miss Eunice felt the sting of the last two words, but made no answer. Oh, if she could only get home. Back in her little, hot room at the hotel she would cry her heart out and once and for all and go home to the city on the next train. Her poor, little, colorless, middle-aged presence should never inflict itself upon him again.

They had reached the islands now. Nothing more than a few small hillocks of sand and gravel surmounted by scraggy bushes. The water had grown very still and the air was heavy.

"There's a bad thunderstorm coming up," he said, pointing to the west, "but I think I can make one of the small wharves up the shore, where we can get under shelter. I'm sorry to keep you out so long."

Miss Eunice turned pale, for she had a deadly terror of lightning, but she answered indifferently: "Do just as you think best," and gave the rudder rope a sharp jerk to guide the boat into deeper water, for in watching the gathering storm neither of them had noticed that the way between the islands had become very shallow.

The boat turned obediently, but in her haste Miss Eunice had pulled the wrong rope. The keel grated loudly on the bottom and the boat stopped.

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Eunice, coldly. "I should have been steering properly."

He did not answer, but stood up and tried to push off with an oar. The boat did not move. He tried again, but the second effort was equally futile. There was an ominous rumble of thunder and great drops of rain began to splash in the water.

He laid down the oar and looked from Eunice with the drops glistening on her smooth hair, to the shore, some ten feet distant.

"It's no use," he said, "I can't budge it with both of us in the boat, and we'll have to get ashore some way. We're going to get a good drenching, I'm afraid."

"All right," said Miss Eunice, miserably, and began to gather up her skirts preparatory to wading forth into the deep; but he was taking off his coat and coming toward her with reckless strides. The boat rocked and groaned on the gravel beneath it.

She looked at him rebelliously and made a valiant effort to step over the side of the boat, but he stopped her and buttoned his coat firmly around her shoulders. His face was determined.

"I'm sorry to make myself any more obnoxious to you than I am already," he said, "but I am going to carry you ashore."

Miss Eunice shut her eyes with a look of grim endurance, but her heart was throbbing with something very much like triumphant joy.

He took the end of the painter in his hand and stepped out into the water.

"Come, please," he said, gravely.

Tremblingly she put her arms around his neck and he lifted her. She dared not

SHE PUT HER ARMS AROUND HIS NECK AND HE LIFTED HER.

open her eyes. Oh, why didn't he go faster, and yet—if the shore were only miles away! He was certainly standing still. There came another terrific crash of thunder and she shrank against him instinctively and opened her eyes. Perhaps she did not know that they were full of tears, or that her chin was trembling pitifully.

His face was very near hers and she saw in it a look that made her turn her own way and hide it for a moment against his collar.

"Hurry, please!" she whispered. "I'm so frightened."

"No, I'm not going to," he said, grimly; "I'll have my way for once. Thank the Lord there's no spoiled child around for you to shove forward and hide behind, and this time I shall have my way, Eunice!"

He had lingered on her name daringly. Miss Eunice tried to lift her eyes, but could not. Then came another deafening bolt of thunder, but neither of them heard it, for at that very moment something else was happening nearer at hand.

"Put me down!" said Miss Eunice, with a happy little sob. "Oh, how dare you!"

The island was small and dreary and very wet, but such may have been the topographical and climatic conditions of Paradise. They tied Miss Eunice's sun hat to an oar and prepared to signal the launch when it should pass on its afternoon trip, for the rowboat had sprung a leak when it struck on the shallows.

The rain had settled into a steady drizzle. His shoulder was very damp, but somehow it made a rather comfortable resting place for an equally moist cheek.

"What did you suppose I was chasing around with that youngster for, anyhow?"

Something incoherent was said against his shoulder.

"Supposed I was in love with her, you say? Bless your dear little heart! I've forgotten what the child looks like already. It was you—you all the time—from the very first day, and you misunderstood me and disliked me and wouldn't treat me decently. Oh, but I've led a dog's life of it! I don't feel quite sure yet that you love me. Do you, Eunice?"

He tried to look into her eyes, but she turned her face away, and only the coat sleeve heard her say: "Oh, my dear, my dear! I hope that launch will never come!"—Farmers' Review.

SPECTER SCARES FARMERS.

Like a Bird Figure Scuds Over Fields and Through Wire Fences and Then Vanishes.

A mysterious woman, a veritable will-o'-the-wisp, who reminds one of the ghosts in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," has been troubling the farmers of Grand Chute, Wis. She appears and vanishes like a creature of air and no one has been able to lay hands upon her.

One evening recently the Vandervoorst family, residing in Grand Chute, were burning a pile of brush, twigs and dried grass near a high board fence. As they stood feeding the flames some one on the other side of the fence began to throw stones against the boards. The men of the of the house called to the supposed little boy or fun-loving neighbor on the other side of the fence in the field to stop the noise and come in.

Then, the nuisance continuing, they ran swiftly and suddenly around the fence and saw a woman wrapped in a dark shawl, who, on seeing the men, began to run like a deer.

The men pursued, but the woman seemed to fairly skim the earth. Through fences, five of them, three of which were barbed wire, the woman went in with the men close after her. She scrambled through the barbed wire fences with her hindering skirts much more easily than the men. Then she vanished in thin air.

Youngest British Admiral.

The youngest British admiral is only eight months old. The infant marquis of Donegal is the hereditary lord high admiral of Lough Neagh, but the office carries with it neither emoluments nor duties. It is an obsolete naval command, which dates from the time of Queen Elizabeth, when it was necessary to maintain a naval force on Lough Neagh to overawe the natives of Tyrone, Derry, Armagh and Antrim, with whom several actions were fought.

A Seaside Substitute.

Maud—She's a great favorite with every girl here.

Blanche—Indeed! Why?

Maud—Because she's so mannish-looking.—N. Y. Times.

THE NATIONAL CAPITOL BUILDING.

The picture shows it as it will appear when the proposed additions have been made to the center of the east front. This addition will add 30 more rooms to the capitol, and when done the completed building will have cost the government about $18,000,000.

FOOTGEAR OF JAPANESE.

It Is of the Kind That Makes the Feet Hard and the Ankles Strong.

The Japanese shoes, or "geta," as they are called, are one of the singularly distinctive features of Japanese life which will strike the observer with wonderment as soon as he sees them looming along the roadway, or hears them scraping the gravel with an irritable squeak that makes his very nerves shudder. Nevertheless, says the London Chronicle, awkward though the shoes appear, they are of a kind constituted to make the feet as hard as sheet iron, and ankles as strong as steel girders.

The shoes are divided into two varieties; the low shoe is called the "komageta," and is only used when the roads are in good condition. The high shoes, named "ashida," are worn when the weather is rainy and the roads are muddy. Both kinds have a thin thong attached to the surface to secure them to the feet, which are therefore not covered as if they were in shoes, but are left exposed to atmospheric conditions. The "komageta" resemble somewhat the Lancashire clog, and their construction merely entails the carving of a block of wood to the proper size. The "ashida," however, are of more complicated design. They have two thin pieces of wood, about three inches high, at right angles to the soles, and occasionally, in the case of priests or pilgrims, only one bar attached.

Some of the "geta" worn by little girls are painted in many colors, and others have a tiny bell hanging from a hollow place at the back, which, as it tinkles in a mystic way, heralds the approach of children. The superior makes are covered with mats, made of panama. The highest price amounts to about ten yen or five dollars, while the cheapest is less than ten sen, or a few cents, but then the "geta" will not last longer than a month, and once out of repair can never be mended.

Learning to walk on a "geta" is an exceedingly difficult process. Indeed, it is far easier to acquire skating or stilt walking. The average child in Japan takes about two months before being able to move along on the national footgear, and the little ones repeatedly slip from the wooden blocks, falling to the ground, which seems to their miniature imaginations a considerable distance beneath them. Although foreigners usually take with readiness to the customs of Japan, they are absolutely unable to manipulate the perilous "geta."

A curious story is told of a San Francisco merchant who was invited to attend a fancy dress ball. He thought it would be quite the correct thing to attend in Japanese costume, and wrote to a friend in Yokohama to send a complete suit of the costume of a gentleman of high class. On receipt of the costume he was immensely surprised at its extensive variety. He mastered all the intricacies of the flowing robes, but when he unearthed the "geta" he was completely at a loss to understand its use. Having only just arrived in the country, and not being over observant, he had omitted to notice the foot arrangements of the people. After much earnest consideration, he was suddenly seized with a brilliant idea. "Ah," he exclaimed in his desire to extol everything Japanese, "this wooden block has got a very lovely shape, it is very beautifully carved and artistic. Therefore it must be a kind of decoration to be worn on the shoulders like epaulettes." And so the merchant went to the ball with a "geta" on each shoulder instead of on each foot!

Some parents allow their children to play barefoot in the streets, but when going out with their elders, or paying visits, it is essential that everyone, from the smallest to the tallest, must mount the wooden clog, and propel themselves in this odd fashion. The dislike of the Japanese children for the activity of outdoor games is to be mainly attributed to the awkward encumbrances with which their little feet are loaded. For instance, one seldom sees Japanese children gamboling in open playgrounds—they have yet to learn the feverish pleasures of "hide and seek" or "rounders," while such a thing as top spinning or football never obstructs the roadways.

Singular superstitions are associated with the "geta," which at times are decidedly useful. When a host desires that a too attentive caller should depart, he induces somebody to burn moxa, which has a peculiar odor, upon his shoes, which are outside the door. The guest will immediately take the hint, and simultaneously his leave. When a thong of a "geta" is accidentally severed on the return from the visit to a sick person a firm belief exists that the patient must die. The Japanese, however, dearly love the "geta," and although civilization may teach them to win battles it will never induce them to wear leather boots!

Piping Boiling Springs.

A cheap and novel plan for heating houses is in operation at Glenwood Springs, Col. Water from the famous boiling springs is piped into town, and so great is the supply that houses can be heated at a very small expense.

Idle Through War.

In consequence of the war with Japan, 15,000 Russian laborers at Lodz are already out of employment. At Odessa 20,000 men who usually find work on the docks in summer are vainly seeking their former jobs.

Didn't Know Him.

Mrs. Goodley—We dine en famille this evening. Won't you join us?

Mrs. Nuritch—Well—er—really, I don't know Mr. Famille and I don't like to meet strangers.—Philadelphia Bedger.

Most Pointed Lesson.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, what does the busy bee teach us?

Johnny—To keep away from the hive.—Stray Stories.

Peruvian Population.

The present population of Peru does not exceed 3,000,000.

REST CURE FOR HORSES.

Massachusetts Farm Where Worn Out City Animals Are Recuperated.

Red Acre farm, in the village of Stow, about 25 miles northwest of Boston, is the first home for horses established in the United States. Its chief object is to afford a resting and building-up place for tired-out or run-down horses, whose owners will pay what they can afford, be it little or nothing. In some cases, says Country Life in America, horses will be loaned or let out on hire to take the place of those resting at the farm. The second object is to receive "paying patients," or pensioners; that is, to take care of horses no longer up to the work required of them—faithful servants whose masters are willing to pay for their board and lodging in their declining days. The third object is to find homes for serviceable animals which the owners are reluctant to sell. Red Acre farm undertakes the charge of such horses; it will loan them, not give them away; and the farm will keep an eye on all horses thus loaned, and will promptly reclaim any that are not well and kindly treated. No one who has not made the attempt can realize how hard it is to find a good, safe home for a superannuated horse.

The fourth object of the farm is to buy horses that are in bad condition and ill used, restore them to health and strength, and let them out or loan them to men whose horses are resting at the farm. The fifth object is to buy and mercifully to kill horses that are incurably lame or otherwise permanently disabled. But why kill them? some kind-hearted person may exclaim. Why not support them in comfort at the farm? It would indeed be a pleasure to do so, but it would be misplaced charity and false economy. That course would result in rescuing only one animal from misery; whereas, if you kill the incurable horse, and devote the space and money which he would require to some other horse whose condition is equally painful, but who can be restored to health, you are then rescuing two animals instead of one from misery.

The sum of $100 will endow a free bed or stall for a year, and the person or association paying this sum is entitled to keep at the farm whatever pensioner he may select. The Animal Rescue league in Boston—an association for befriending homeless dogs and cats, which also keeps an eye out for the horse—has already endowed one stall.

HUNTING HATS BY RAIL.

Motormen on Suburban Trolley Cars Find It a Profitable Sport.

While a Chester trolley was speeding along several miles out of Darby, a few evenings ago, the motorman suddenly slackened the car's speed with a jolt several times. Each time a piece of paper was along the track, says the Philadelphia Record.

"On my last trip out a young fellow who was sitting on the front seat lost his Panama," said the motorman to a friend near his elbow. "I thought that paper might be it. Yes; he got off to look for it, but maybe he didn't find it, for he didn't know where it blew off. He put the hat on the floor under the seat, rather than hold it in his hand, and after he had gone about four miles he noticed that it had disappeared. There was no way of telling in which one of the four miles it had blown off, so he just got off the car with the intention of walking back the entire distance, unless he would find it sooner."

"Maybe it's only a 75-cent Panama anyhow,' suggested the motorman's friend, when another white object on the road proved to be paper.

"Well, sometimes we find a mighty good hat," continued the motorman. "More than a few blow off every week. It's a poor summer if I don't find ten or 12 straw hats, and some of them are fine ones. The other motormen do about as well. The best time to find them is on the early morning runs, as the hats are mostly lost at night. Frequently they land in a dark place, and can't be found until daylight. Of course, we keep them when we find them. How could we do otherwise, when we never know to whom they belong? The men always jump off the car after their hats blow off, and we never hear from them again."

"Why do more hats blow off at night than during the day?"

"Mostly because more young men ride on the cars at night. They take off their hats to enjoy the breeze. Sometimes the hat is blown out of their laps, and sometimes it is blown off their heads. Often the young man's companion holds his hat for him, and sometimes it blows out of her hands. The few hats that are blown off during the day are easily found."

Working as a Russian Holiday.

In view of the notorious laziness of the Russian peasant, writes our St. Petersburg correspondent, it will be interesting to watch the effect of the new law permitting labor on Sundays and festivals. The strict observance of these days dates from the serf period, when the people naturally work as little as possible. Nowadays peasants who try to work on any of the 200 Russian holidays are often forcibly prevented from doing so by their neighbors. In the towns also servants frequently declare that their hands will fall off if they work on a sacred day, which they spend in eating and drinking.—London Mail.

Blood-Like Stain of Bloodstone.

Most persons know very little about the stones of which they so glibly talk," remarked J. W. Beath. "Very few have any idea of what a bloodstone is, though the red-spotted green heliotrope commonly goes by that name. Here are two pieces of real bloodstone, the bloodstone of the ancients. As you see, they are black. By rubbing one on the other, I draw what looks to be blood. Touching it to my hand, it leaves a blood-like stain. No, there is no trick about it. These bits of black stone are simply hematite, and hematite is the real bloodstone. Not one person in 10,000 seems to know this."—Philadelphia Record.

EIGHT YEARS OF DROUGHT.

Disastrous Result of Water Scarcity in Dry Region of the Southwest.

The disastrous result of eight years of drought in a region that has only a limited water supply is the most impressive lesson contained in Professional Paper No. 23, recently published by the United States geological survey. "Forest Conditions in the Black Hesa Forest Reserve, Arizona," is the title of the paper, which was prepared by Mr. F. G. Plummer from notes furnished by Messrs. Theodore F. Rixon and Arthur Dodwell.

The reserve comprises an area of 2,786 square miles and includes parts of Yavapai, Coconino, Gila, Navajo, Apache, and Graham counties, Arizona. It is an irregular strip of land running from central Arizona in a general southeasterly direction to the New Mexico boundary. It follows and lies principally on the north slope of the Colorado Gila divide. The character of this divide, known as Black Mesa, is that of a southward-facing escarpment of nearly perpendicular rock, 1,500 to 2,000 feet high, which is inaccessible, except in a few places, to the most daring climber. It is the south edge of the great Colorado plateau. The topography of the reserve is in general rough and broken, though the southeastern portion is more rolling, with several high plateaus.

Water is very scarce. Eight years ago the reserve was comparatively well watered, but successive seasons of drought have rendered it exceedingly dry, and unless a change for the better occurs cattlemen and sheepmen will desert the country. Numerous small areas were once profitably farmed, but in recent years the lack of rainfall has caused a marked decline in agriculture. Grazing, the main industry of this and adjacent regions, has also suffered greatly from continued droughts. The only remaining areas which are used solely for cattle range are on Blue and Salt rivers and Eagle creek. The best growths of wild forage grasses are nearly always found at some distance from water, and are consequently not available for stock which are unable to make the trip from water to pasture.

The Verde slope, in the Beaver creek watershed, is an example of repeated overstocking. This district was formerly a source of great wealth to settlers in that vicinity, but the excessive number of cattle and horses grazed in it has finally resulted in the complete annihilation of the pasture. Unless stringent rules are adopted to regulate the number of stock and the areas on which they shall be grazed on each permit, this condition will sooner or later prevail throughout the reserve.

Yellow pine is the principal timber tree of the reserve and the only lumber at present used for manufacturing purposes. The drought of the last eight years has affected even trees like the yellow pine, alligator, juniper, and Arizona cypress, which, as a rule, stand dry weather very well. Hundreds of thousands of feet of timber will be lost unless immediately logged.

UNITED STATES BOUNDARIES

How They Have Been Affected by Treaties with Great Britain and Spain.

A publication that finds a logical place in the library of both the historian and the geographer is a bulletin (No. 226) entitled "Boundaries of the United States and the Several States and Territories, with an Outline of the History of all Important Changes of Territory," which has just been published by the United States geological survey for gratuitous distribution. The author is Mr. Henry Gannett, who prepared this paper in its first form in 1885, when it was published at Bulletin No. 13. A second edition, much enlarged, constituted Bulletin No. 171, published in 1900. The present work is therefore a third edition, and is its own recommendation.

Besides giving the present boundaries of the country and of the several states and territories, as defined by treaty, charter, or statute, Mr. Gannett presents briefly the history of all important changes of territory and the laws appertaining to those changes. He shows how the boundaries of our country have been affected by the provisional treaty of the United States with Great Britain in 1782, by the treaty with Spain in 1798, by the definitive treaty with Great Britain in 1783, by the treaty of London in 1794, by the treaty of Ghent in 1814, by the treaty with Great Britain in 1842, and by the Webster-Ashburton treaty with Great Britain in 1846.

The additions of territory that have come to the United States and the consequent changes in boundary lines are described. They include the Louisiana purchase, the Florida purchase, the Texas accession, the Mexican cession, the Gadsden purchase, the Alaska purchase and the acquistion of the Hawaiian islands, Porto Rico, Guam, the Philippine islands and Tutuila.

A historical review is given of the changes that have occurred in the public domain. A detailed account is also presented of the way in which the present boundary lines of the various states and territories have been developed. The bulletin, in short, contains in convenient form a great quantity of information that will be useful to the student, teacher, legislator and general reader.

Could Prove an Alibi.

"I was trying to impress on my class the fact that Anthony Wayne had led the charge up Stony Point," said J. L. Pembroke, a professor in a primary school in Paducah, Ky.

"'Who led the charge up Stony Point?' I asked. 'Will one of the smaller boys answer?'

"No reply came.

"'Can no one tell me?' I repeated, sternly. 'Little boy on that seat next to the aisle, who led the charge up Stony Point?'

"'I—I don't know,' replied the little fellow, frightened. 'I—I don't know. it wasn't me. I—I just comed yere last month from Texas.'"—Louisville Herald.

Die Unseen.

Capital punishment is in vogue in Japan, but no one—not even the executioner—witnesses the actual dispatch of the condemned man, who is placed in a kind of box and left to himself as soon as the nose is adjusted. The floor of the box falls when the signal is given, and the murderer drops into eternity unseen.

Cheap Animals.

An auction sale of the animals of the zoological gardens in Ghent yielded extraordinarily low prices—$62 for an elephant, $70 for three zebras, while bears and monkeys were sold for only five to eight dollars each.—Detroit Free Press.

Over the Telephone.

This conversation took place over the telephone line at Richmond: "Hello!" "Hello!" "Are you 81?" "No, I'm not 60 yet.' She hung up the receiver like hitting the box with a rock. —Richmond Missourian.

THE WORRIES OF WASH-DAY

May Be Done Away With If Housewives Will Adopt the Following Suggestions.

In a season remarkable for the amount of trimming and handwork on wash gowns, there are still some women who will not immolate themselves on the altar of fads and fashions. These are they whose summer will include relief from the strain of keeping up appearances, and instead of supplying the family with dainty frocks, beruffled and inset with lace, they are making the most of dainty collars and the many materials which do not require ironing, says the Washington Star.

A mother who likes to see her two little daughters dressed alike in white and pale colors, has made some simple but dainty frocks of cotton crepe in white, pale blue and pale pink. These must not be ironed, but shaken several times during the drying process. If made with shirred, round skirts, they keep their shape admirably, and with pretty berthas or 1830 collars make dainty afternoon frocks.

If these gowns are trimmed with lace it must be of a heavy variety, imitation torchon or Irish point which can be pulled in the process of dying. Inserting is better for this use than edging.

A number of housewives discard tablecloths entirely in summer, using plain, hemstitched plate doylies and a centerpiece to match. Tablecloths take great strength and much heat in ironing, while the doylies are mere play by comparison. Some women go so far as to employ paper doylies in simulated Mexican drawnwork or lace.

A June bride included in her trousseau what she calls her "lazy woman's aprons," each evolved from three bath towels which she picked up at ten cents each at a fire sale.

Two of the towels are whipped together for the apron proper. The lower fringe is left to form a finish, and the upper fringe is cut off, so that the plain mesh above the rough, fuzzy finish can be gathered neatly into a band. The other towel, split down the center, passes over each shoulder in the form of a bib, the "V" opening at the bust line.

Light-weight Turkish toweling has been used, and the aprons can be washed out every day, dried in the sun, shaken well and laid away, fresh and clean for another day's dusting and straightening.

The advantage of all these materials lies in the fact that a woman may indulge her love of fresh, white garments without dreading two days of incessant ironing.

The secret of their freshness lies in the care taken in hanging them out to dry and when putting them in the closet. All cotton crepe frocks should be arranged on coat hangers, and their own weight will keep them in shape. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that fine gauze shirts and drawers come this season with daintiest of lace edging, which need no ironing—merely pulling when half dry.

TOAST OR FRESH BREAD?

Doctors Dispute as to Which Is Better for the Stomach—People Go On Eating Both.

It is the opininn of physicians generally, and they seem to have imbued the general public with a like notion, that toasted bread is much more easily digested than that cut fresh from the loaf, says the Philadelphia Press.

Some are inclined to be skeptical in the matter, however. The doctor, if asked, will probably state that the increased digestibility is due, both to a physical and chemical change produced by the toasting process, which results in a transformation of the carbohydrates into more readily soluble forms.

A writer in a government report on the subject gives the results of a series of analyses showing the changes that he found in bread produced by toasting at different temperatures. For instance, bread heated for one hour at 212 degrees Fahrenheit lost about 34 per cent. in weight and contained 12 per cent. of material soluble in water. Light-colored, yellow toast, made at about 300 degrees Fahrenheit, was practically of the same composition.

Brown toast, made at 338 degrees Fahrenheit, had one per cent. less moisture, but the soluble content increased to 26 per cent., while dark-brown toast, made at a slightly higher temperature, had a slightly less soluble content, and brown toast, made by the usual household method—that is, at about 320 degrees Fahrenheit—contained only 22 per cent. of soluble material.

The doctor's contention is, therefore, confirmed to a certain extent by the results of these experiments, but it is probable, according to the conclusions of the author, that the increased digestibility of toast is to be accounted for rather on the supposition that its agreeable flavor stimulates the digestive secretions and possibly its physical condition insures better mastication.

The increase in the solubility of the carbohydrates is not relatively great when made by the ordinary household method, since this only affects the outside—that is, penetrating to a very small fraction of an inch.

Stewed Tomatoes.

Six large tomatoes, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful sugar, one pinch soda, a little pepper, butter as large as an English walnut. Peel and cut up the tomatoes small, saving the juice; put together in a saucepan, with the seasoning, mixing the soda in a teaspoonful of water before adding that. Cook slowly 20 minutes, stirring till it is smooth. Last, put in half a cupful of bread crumbs, or a cupful of toast cut in small bits. Serve in a hot, covered dish.—Good Housekeeping.

One-Egg Cake.

Sift one and onehalf cupfuls flour, one cupful sugar, one teaspoonful cream tartar, onehalf teaspoonful soda, pinch of salt. Break one egg in a cup (or two yolks), fill cup with milk, add flavoring and stir a minute. Then pour over dry ingredients in bowl and thoroughly mix. Add three tablespoonfuls melted butter. Beat all together with a spoon for a minute and bake in a sheet. This is really very nice, and I make it all the time, even when eggs are dear. I frost it with chocolate frosting.—Boston Globe.

Fruit in Cereal.

Cook the cereal or breakfast food the day before in summer time, hold it in small individual molds and serve cold for breakfast with whipped cream. The addition of a little fruit just about five minutes before taking from the fire gives a dainty flavor relished by many. Chopped dates, oranges or a few strawberries will serve the purpose.—Chicago Daily News.

SCOLDING SET TO MUSIC.

And It Took the Wagnerian Brand to Do the Jawing Full Justice.

In one of the big One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street beer gardens a brass band was playing what purported to be a Wagnerian selection with positively deafening effect, relates the New York Times. The good-natured people around the tables had wisely abandoned all effort at conversation. Not so with one woman, a shrewish-looking person, who was leaning over a table shaking her finger at her husband and doing her best to make him hear the abuse that she was evidently hurling at him. Suddenly, with one grand blare, the music stopped, and the woman's voice, pitched in a veritable scream, was heard:

"You bald-headed, sour-faced idiot, I'll—"

Checked by her own strident tones she looked about her in consternation. Not so the husband. He was calloused to abuse. Picking up his stein he looked at his wife and growled:

"Shut up till the band starts again."

They Meet.

"Who are you?" demanded the boll weevil.

"My scientific name," said the red ant, "as nearly as I can remember it, is Selenopais Debilis Texana."

"For a name like that," retorted the other, "you present a most unimposing and commonplace exterior."

"See if you like my interior any better," the red ant said, proceeding at once to fulfill its mission.—Chicago Tribune.

A miserly man is one who refuses to lend you a few dollars.—Chicago Daily News.

The Civilized Method.

"Went into a Chinese restaurant last night," said the first Chicagoan. "Funny the way them Chinamen eat boiled rice."

"Chop sticks, eh?" said the other. "Did they expect you to eat it that way, too?"

"Yes, but civilization's good enough for me. I jest called fur a knife and et it right."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Nothing Surprising.

Mr. Nervey—I suppose you know the object of my call, sir. To be brief, I want to marry your daughter—

Mr. Roxley—Eh? What! I'm surprised that you should think of such a thing. The idea!

"Nonsense! You're prejudiced against the girl. She's all right."—Philadelphia Press.

The inventors of the little things are the men who make the big money. For instance, there is the man who invented the idea of cutting matches crossways of the grain of the wood. When you strike that kind of a match it's ten to one it snaps off. Just think of the increased number of matches consumed because of this.

Overdid It.

Hewson—That man Scalper has a natural bent toward speculation.

Hume—Yes, and the last time he bent too far and went broke.—Town Topics.

Usually, when you hear a man complaining of "too much mother-in-law," you may set it down as a case of too much son-in-law. —Chicago Tribune.

We hear much of self-made men; little of self-made women. And yet to judge by some women's faces— —Indianapolis News.